Rustam Orazaliyev

ESL 222-2

Keys Stahl

First draft of descriptive

June 7, 2011

My topic

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May 17th. Huge plumy clouds were drifting above me. Cloud, resembling fluffy snow-white lamb, covered sun. I was lying on emerald lawn next to the plate “Walking on the lawn is forbidden”. However, I wasn’t walking on lawn, I was lying on it so I didn’t break a rule. I felt reproachful stares of passers, they saw tall, thin, sixteen years old guy carelessly lying on the grass. However, this image was misleading. I wasn’t careless, I had troubles but I didn’t want to solve them, I just wanted to escape from them. However, I didn’t have a strength to rise from the ground. Suddenly I heard the rustle of grass, I knew that there is only one person except me who would walk on the lawn.

-I want to go home,-I whispered,-did you buy a ticket? If you didn’t, I would buy it myself and go home.

-No, I didn’t. I asked juries to reconsider their decision not to include you in a team,-said Burhan. Burhan is my mathematical instructor. My teacher is a tall man with athletic complexion, he was just thirty but wrinkles had already appeared on his wise face. That day, as usually he was wearing a white shirt with rolled sleeves.

-Also, I don’t think that you can buy a ticket without it.-said Burhan with sly voice. I looked at him and saw my teacher keeping my passport in his right hand. His complacent view annoyed me and I recognized that this brown-eyed person will not stop fighting for me, even if I had already stopped. The rest of day I spent lying on grass. When the sky was dotted with hundreds of bright stars, I went to the room.

Next morning when I opened my eyes, everything was hazy but I saw a guy wearing strange clothes. This young man was wearing blindingly white classical pants, blue jacket with golden national patterns on collar. I recognized our team’s uniform.

-You didn’t give up. Get up, we are moving after twenty minutes. When did you take our uniform?-he asked pointing somewhere to the left.

I raised and saw team’s costume hanging in opened cabinet. On the top shelf of cabinet I found my passport and envelope. The inscription on the envelope was written by very familiar, horrible handwriting, “Still want to go home?”